

A NATION'S CURSE.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL LOSSES.

Talmage Describes the Sorrows and Doom of the Drunkard.

TEXT: "Who slew all these?"—II Kings, x, 10.

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and find the gory heads of seventy slain Princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side of the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the murdered Princes. Looking on either side of the gate, he cries out with a ringing emphasis: "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre than there is no the world. I am failing your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are laden down with these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of Princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood their are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation and almost frantic with the some while I cry out: "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered no security, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have run on the sidewalk, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these.

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to torment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying: "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the meretricious people make over those who are drunk. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw none of the streets of Philadelphia a single time that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was reeling with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys who were in the street, men, laughed, women, giggled, but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his mother's house. I saw him go up stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy out of the scene. Since that time when I see a man staggering through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the consequences of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of the devil cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost, and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for work? What store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the looking up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shifts off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks; he drinks." That blazes him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he loses his life at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and find that he is the captive of strong drink he feels demeaned. I do not care how rich he is. He may say, "I don't care," he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grin like the mull of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. Had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice, and yet after the mull of "I could stop any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in intemperance beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night, I would not care. I would go out, I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut me out now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil

habit, said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine set on the mouth of that cannon, and I had a powder horn full of powder, and I had a match, and I had a fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have a drink. Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: 'I could have got out of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed, without remedy.'"

I go further and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are once captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they kneel in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days?

Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man? He thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is death in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such a man that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no place in hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewall went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies over every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his crawling limbs! What fiends stand by his night pillow! What demons tear his flesh! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing agony! He feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper would not admit you. "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Help! Give me rum! Help! Help! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God! Oh, God!" and then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they curse, and they swear, and they threaten to kill them. "Stab me. Stab me. Stab me. Stab me. Take the devil off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It is not far from here, I tell you, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die, I know it. I see it coming.

Again: the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home, and the loss of his wife and children. If this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into slavery. How many homes have been broken up in that way, no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life to come? Hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it. Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? I tell you, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombed and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their premature old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day and well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou destroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit! I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are backsliders, we shall be cast out, and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst for strong drink. He will be in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? There can't be a drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds lie dead for the drunkard who has just now slung on the saw-dusted floor of worlds now for the rum thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the death, the exhausting, exasperating, overmastering thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grogshop, and should go back taking in his wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the fiend's brightness just touch him, and let the drop be very small it it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! That is rum!" and it would wake him in the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth it with a serpent and it stings like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there fell on me a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the

roots of your tongue an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God He will help you, by His grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked upon the desolation. Sitting under my microscope there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that deceiver flash out upon you. Beware! and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let them be spelled out to your soul: "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that to-day, with the flowers of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only see such a man, such a mother, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the mania's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray, and God, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until the day of the resurrection. God would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God would be comfort for such a wound but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.
I cannot pray, yet, Lord! Thou knowest
The pain I feel, and how I long to pray.
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Turned away from Thee.
Prayer was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet;
Tis the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.
Hail, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee.
Prayer would have come unsought and been
A truer liberty.
Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer;
The sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.
For prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly
Deaf Lord, it hangs on Thee.
The heart that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes
His prayer its punishment.
My Saviour, why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things,
Thy peace dwells far within.
These surface troubles come and go
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper death is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.

THE WIFE OF THE DEVIL.
"Be sober, be vigilant; for your adversary, the devil, walketh about, as he who is an enemy, only beats the air, and the devil is not afraid of him."

An eminent servant of God in our own day has repeatedly said: "I have an increasing fear of Satan, and feel in increasing danger from him in his service, of keeping closer and closer to Him who alone can keep me from Satan's power." He ever aims to draw away and use to God's dishonor those who have been brought nearest to Christ. He is using the right and the wrong to lead to betray him, and another to deny him; and so when God is using us we should be doubly on guard.

And let the young Christian remember when he comes the evil thoughts that often dart through the mind—sometimes even when he is engaged in the most holy exercises—and let him not be unduly cast down because of these evil suggestions. He who tempted our Lord is permitted to tempt us. He is using the right and the wrong to lead to betray him, and another to deny him; and so when God is using us we should be doubly on guard.

Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper death is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.

MADE NO MISTAKE.
The Lord made no mistake in putting man into this world, and He makes no mistake in keeping him here. There is an idea upon the part of some, that they could be saved if they were only once saved in heaven. But do you know, heaven is a place prepared for those who have fought the battle and won the victory here on earth. God made no mistake when He prepared a salvation for us, and we are to have it. Of course men are lost because of the deeds committed on earth, and God proposes to save a man right on the ground where he is lost. Jesus Christ is glorified more here through victories won, than through final victory in heaven. Did I say glorified more here? I think I did. I am only glorified here through the grace which he bestows. He is certainly not much glorified by it in heaven. Jesus did not pray that his disciples might be taken out of the world but that they might be kept from the evil which is in the world. Ah! friends, God proposes to develop men of character. God proposes to arm you with sufficient grace, and then have you fight the battle where it is necessary to be fought; and so he says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." The very thing that causes you trouble, is that which ought to cause you joy. There will never be any victory unless there have been some battles; and brethren, you will never know the grace of God in its fullness, till you have met temptation in its every form. You will never develop the bone, and muscle, and sinew, that belongs to every son of God, till you have victoriously routed the old man. I believe God proposes to raise a band of men and women in this world, who shall be gloriously triumphant through all the afflictions that life may bring to them. A certain person once said in my hearing, "When I see a great trial coming, I begin to rejoice, for I anticipate a grand victory." It is one thing for a person to get up and say, "I love the Lord," but it is quite another thing to have this love demonstrated in your life. It is all very well to go into battle with a grand huzza, but it is better still to come out a victor, and covered with the smoke of war. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and he shall give him, and it shall be given to him."—Rev. John Short.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF NEW SOUTH WALES proposed a bill providing for the payment of yearly salaries to its members.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR AUGUST 25.

Lesson Text: "The Anointing of David." I Sam. xvii, 1-14.
Golden Text: I Sam. xvi, 7.—Commentary.

1. "And the Lord said unto Samuel: How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?" So David was for us to side with God, regardless of our own thoughts or feelings or preferences, that even the great and good Samuel is here seen clinging in his heart for he was not near him, Chap. xv, 23, to Saul after the Lord had rejected him. We must remember that the Lord did not reject Saul until Saul had persistently rejected and disobeyed the Lord (Chaps. xiii, 14; xv, 30, so that Saul had no one to blame but himself for the loss of his position.

2. "How can I go? If Saul hear it he will kill me." This does not sound like the utterance of a faithful, fearless follower of the Lord of Hosts. It might be said to Samuel: "Who art thou that shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die?" * * * and forgettest the Lord thy Maker?" (Isa. li, 12, 13.) Had Samuel been in full sympathy with the Lord, in the case of Saul he might not have talked thus; but whenever we are in the least degree out of the fellowship with God we are apt to say and do many foolish and sinful things. The fear of the Lord and confidence in the perfect love of God, is an effectual cure for Saul's fear. And the Lord said take an heir with thee and say, I am come to sacrifice to the Lord. Sinful man can do nothing in the way of serving God apart from sacrifice and atonement; our holiest actions, our very best service, cannot be acceptable to God apart from the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, but the weakest cry or the feeblest service is made acceptable through Him.

3. "I will show thee what thou shalt do: anoint thou unto Me him whom I name unto thee." The servant of the Lord has only to move forward calmly and in perfect confidence in his captain and he is at ways promised sure guidance.

4. "And Samuel arose in the night, which the Lord spake." This is now as it should be, the word of the Lord prevails, and the servant is simply obedient and comes to Bethlehem leaving God to carry out His own plans and manage His own affairs in His own way. When we are thus passive and obedient in His hands, all will be well and His purpose un hindered. "The elders of the town trembled." Here is another indication of lack of fellowship with God, for if their hearts were right and their conduct right they would have been rejoicing instead of trembling at a visit from the Lord's servant; but probably they, too, were clinging to the disobedient king.

5. "I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord." He uses the very words which he was told to use (v. 2), and that is always the right thing to do. Jesus Himself said only what the Father told Him (John xii, 49); Jeremiah and Ezekiel were to speak only the Lord's words (Jer. i, 7-9; Ezek. ii, 7, 8, 12, 17); and when we are messengers of the Lord confirm ourselves to the Lord's message, rather than give our thoughts about it, surely we shall be most pleasing to Him.

6. "The Lord looketh on the heart." As the heart of Jesse was not right, Samuel there was something about him which caused Samuel to think that he was the Lord's anointed; but how solemn the word of the Lord: "I have refused him." Let us again repeat that in the matter of salvation the Lord refuses none who come to Him; but this is a matter of special service, and it is not nature nor a fair contention. He seeks, but a heart right with Himself, "a man after his own heart" (Chap. xiii, 14).

7. "Jesse had seven of his sons to pass before Samuel; and Samuel said unto Jesse, 'The Lord hath not chosen these.'" Here, then, is an apparent failure; the Lord had said to Samuel that He had provided a king from among Jesse's sons, and for here are all the sons whom Jesse had thought it necessary to bring; and for this special service, this place of honor, all are set aside, the right man has not appeared. God's thoughts and ways are as much higher than ours as heaven is higher than earth; and how few seem to know His thoughts or understand His countenance (Isa. lv, 8, 9; Mic. iv, 12); but let men be blind as they may, there is no failure with God. He has chosen His servant, and will yet set the man of His choice on the throne of Israel and of the whole world. Wait upon Him and be patient.

8. "Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither." So everything has to stand still till the slightest one is brought. In reply to Samuel's question as to whether these seven were all his sons Jesse replied that the youngest was at home keeping the sheep, and it was for him that they were now sending an attendant. "And he sent, and brought him in." * * * and the Lord said: Arise, anoint him; for this is he." As we are thus for the first time personally introduced to David, the son of Jesse, the history of whose kindred, past and future, is so much of Scripture, and with whom we expect to be somewhat intimately associated when Jesus, the son of David, who is also the church's Bridegroom, shall sit on David's throne, we can only stand and gaze upon this rugged, good-looking young man, and wonder at the grace of God in choosing a mortal man for such a glorious immortal future; and then turning to our own souls we would say: O, my soul, see that thou dost never cease to adore, and cry aloud the praises of Him whose grace has called you, passing by so many others, to be a king-pretender unto God, washing you in His own precious blood.

9. "Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren." He was now David, at Hebron, anointed king over the house of Judah, and somewhat later, at the same place, anointed king over all Israel. (II Sam. ii, 4; v, 1-5.) After Samuel anointed him that day there were long years of waiting, of rejection and persecution ere he came to the throne, so now although Jesus, the Son of David, is God's chosen and anointed King of Israel and of all nations, we are still living in the time when He is rejected, and persecuted, and persecuted. The spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward." (See R. V.) Here is the power by which alone we can suffer or serve or wait or in any way glorify God. From beginning to end of Scripture the power of the Spirit of God is the only power revealed for effectual service, and whether it is playing upon the harp or writing psalms, subduing enemies or reigning over Israel, what ever David did that was acceptable to God was by the Holy Spirit.

10. "Samuel rose up and went to Ramah." For the second time he has anointed a Captain over the Lord's inheritance, and now he retires to his own home, no doubt to continue in prayer for the Lord's people and for His anointed.—Lesson Helper.

A Bad Drawing.



Repairs to Pennsylvania fences cost about \$5,000,000 each year.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Mrs. White's Party.

BY ANNA M. FRATE.

Queen Margaret went to a party
As usual she went to bed;
She wore a white gown,
And a pretty gold crown.
On the top of her dear little head.

She didn't come back till next morning,
And her crown had tipped over her nose,
But her eyes were as bright
As the stars are at night,
And her face was as fresh as a rose.

She laughed as she told us about it,
And of all the strange folk who were there;
How she danced on the lawn,
With a pink and blue fawn,
And a pumpkin with snails in its hair.

How Dash, in a hat trimmed with daisies,
Played "mumblety peg" with a wren;
How the man in the moon
Sang a jaysome tune,
While an elephant waited with a hen.

Her dolls played croquet with a rabbit
Whose ears were embroidered with thread—
Where they'd ravelled in knots
And tied them in knots,
Which gave him a pain in his head.

Fresh chocolate blossomed on bushes
That had travelled for miles upon miles;
Young grasshoppers pumped
Leaves as they jumped,
And recited a lesson with smiles.

The fire-eater looked very delicious,
And was baked till 'twas softer than dough,
She had only a taste,
Because she made haste
When some peacocks screamed out, "You must go!"

It was quite an unusual party,
But yet not so strange as it seems,
For your friend, Mrs. White,
Has a party each night,
At her house in the County of Dreams.

—Youth's Companion.

She Paid the Bill.

"No, I haven't any news of importance for you," said M. J. Cullen, the undertaker, "but I can tell you a mighty nice little story, the truth of which my books will verify. It is about the noble action of a little girl who came to me about fifteen years ago. She was then about 12 years of age, and despite the fact that her outward appearance suggested parental negligence she appeared to have a noble and honest heart. It was about 7 o'clock of a cold January evening when she walked into my office almost frozen and crying bitterly. She asked to see me, and when I made myself known she stopped crying and told me a very pretty story that would soften the heart of the coldest of persons. She said that her father was a drunkard, and her mother was dead. She and a little brother 7 years of age, of whom she thought the world, were cared for by the neighbors when the father was on a spree, and despite the father's misconduct the little girl could not be induced to leave him. She kept the house and prepared the meals. She bore her lot philosophically, and tried to be happy, but her whole peace of mind was almost wrecked when, after about two weeks' sickness, her little brother died. He was her pet, and the two were most attached to one another.

"She again burst into tears and between heavy sobs she said that on account of her father's evil ways there was no money in the house, and she did not know how her brother could be buried. She had been told that the city would bury the remains, but when she looked into the manner in which such a burial would be performed—that the coffin would be a plain pine box, and that, instead of a hearse, a wagon would take him to potter's field—she became almost frantic and would not allow it. She wanted him to have a white hearse with white horses, and his remains to be taken to Calvary Cemetery.

"Crying bitterly, she said: 'I will give you my word of honor to pay you as soon as I get the money.' I was touched by the story, and went to the home of the child and there learned the truth of her statement. The dead boy was laid on the bed, which was neatly made up by the little girl. I immediately took charge of the funeral, and complied with the every wish of the child. I never expected pay, and although I thought of the story for some time after I never expected to see the child again. Not long since, while seated in my office, a handsome and well-dressed young lady entered and, addressing me by name, called me aside. She asked me if I remembered her, and I was compelled to acknowledge my ignorance. Imagine my surprise when she told me of the little ragged child of fifteen years ago. 'I am that little girl,' she said, 'and I have come, according to promise, on my word of honor, to pay you the bill.' I looked over the books and found the account, and she paid it. She has married well and her husband is a prominent and prosperous business man."—St. Louis Globe.

How Grandma Lost Her Shoes.

Kitty was sniffing behind grandma's closet door, because she could not wear her bronze boots to school. The "committee-man" was coming in, and, oh, dear! her old boots had a little hole in one toe—such a very little hole that no one but Kitty, or a microscope, could find it.

"Let me see, what did I use to wear to school?" said grandma, talking to herself loudly enough to be heard above Kitty's sniffs. "Why, come to think it over," she added, breaking off her yarn, "I do believe I went barefoot!"

Kitty stopped sniffing. "Didn't my feet get brown and tough?" continued grandma. "Why, I could run right over a thistle-bed and scarcely feel it, and much as ever a bumblebee could sting through the thick skin on the bottom of them! But one did sting my great toe one day, and I had to walk on my heel for some time."

"But you didn't go barefoot in winter?" Kitty managed to query through the crack of the door.

"No. Then I had some stout shoes, sometimes cobbled out of the legs of my father's worn-out boots; but generally father bought a calf-skin at the town where he went to trade once a year, and Peleg Dingley, the neighborhood cobbler, came and made up the family shoes. They didn't look much like your bronze boots"—and grandma laughed at the recollection—"but I thought they were nice.

"I remember when I was a small tot,

about six years old, that a great calamity befell me in the matter of shoes—great to me then."

"Kitty had now crept from behind the door, and was hanging on the back of grandma's chair.

"It was in 1816, I think, the year that there was no summer. There was snow and frost every month in the year, and the boys had to plant corn and potatoes with their mittens on; but there wasn't a kernel of corn raised anywhere in our town, nor scarcely anything else, and it looked as though we would all have to go hungry.

"Well, I had a nice pair of soft calf-skin shoes that year, and 'twas such poor times that for all 'twas so cold I went barefoot.

"One day, alone in June, we had all gone up to Dame Lyddy's school, as usual—there was a great log school-house full of boys and girls, and all barefoot like myself. But it was a bitter day and all the little girls tucked their toes beneath their wooden petticoats to keep them warm.

"By and by it began to snow—great, whirling, feathery flakes! The air was thick and it looked more like January than June. The little girls began to whimper, for we didn't know how we could ever get home; but the boys would dash out into the storm and snowball each other for a minute, then dash in and stand about on the great, warm, stone hearth.

"Well, four or five inches of snow fell, and just as school was out at night in stamped Uncle Tim Flint with a long tow-and-linen pillow-case slung over his back. We thought he had brought our supper, but the next minute he turned the pillow-case upside down and out tumbled a bushel or two of shoes! He had been all about the neighborhood and gathered up the children's shoes and brought them to the school-house. Some had gaping toes, some had no strings, some were down at the heel. But didn't we just pounce on those shoes!

"I'm sorry to say that there was some quarrelling over them, and Dame Lyddy had to take down her red forced peace was restored.

"We all got on a pair, somehow, and trudged home at last; but, deary me! mine looked no more alike than a pig and a goat. In the scramble I had got hold of one calf-skin shoe and one cow-skin shoe with a patch on it; one pinched my toes terribly, the other was so large that it kept coming off in the snow, and it hadn't any string either.

"I shed some tears over the loss of my nice shoes, but the shoes of the whole neighborhood were so hopelessly mixed that father thought it might lead to trouble to try to look mine up. Luckily, there were enough remnants of the calfskin for Peleg to piece me out a pair of slippers, and with them I got along till father went to town again."

THE PICNIC SEASON.



She—Chawler, dear, set the bawsket down leah in this sylvan shade, while we take a lovely stroll through the charming woodland. It will give us a ravenous appetite for the delicious lunch mamma put up for us!

